

## A STAGE WAIT.

It was a really fine affair. Chedderston did the things well, as befitting the star of the bride, and the company cheered over his twenty-acre garden and gazed and gorged and named themselves after the fashion of their kind. Though I knew very well what it would be like, I ran down on his invitation, and was now, of course, regretting I had come, as I pensively picked out a clematis-shaded seat and fell to watching the poses of three young girls in enormous sleeves who were attitudinizing near a bank of white lilies, with something, too, of the flower's sweet stateliness about them, despite the harlequinade of dress and speech and manner.

A prettily defined pentagonal shadow fell at my feet, and, looking around, I saw Mme. de Tonqueville coming to a halt before me. She is just as well known as Arlecina—only in another way—the kindest, wickedest little lady who ever stabbed a reputation to death or planted a bunch of epigrams upon the grave.

"And Solomon in all his glory," she said, nodding toward the three graces, while she sloped her parasol to bring the rose-colored lining to bear upon a cheek which had once dared even the sunshine of Provence.

"It is to be hoped not," I replied.

"The queen of the south must have been easily impressed."

"Oh, they were a commonplace lot," answered Madame, lightly. "Solomon was a fraud—Renaud settled that long ago. The Queen of Sheba was a very pretty person, too. You recollect how she showed her legs—unintentionally—over the mirror? What would she have done if she had seen the cinematograph?"

"Heaven knows," said I, stifling a yawn. "They have one here. We are to be on exhibition, I dare say."

"Yes," laughed Madame, "with the added glory of a phonograph for the organ, you know." And she glanced in the direction of a marquee toward which the company was beginning to gravitate. "They took pictures of our noble selves entering the church, within the sacred edifice—as the reverent reporters say—and browsing in the gardens."

"It may be amusing," I said, tentatively.

"It is sure to be," she responded, and the humor was to be strictly unconfined.



### THEY PASSED SLOWLY.

scious. I am just beside the road screen, near Mme. de Belleville.

"Another representative of La Belle France?" I asked, languidly.

"No, a countrywoman of yours," she answered, "but she was married to a Frenchman. They lived near our estate at Dijon. He died last month," she sighed. The aspiration was not a eulogium on the deceased.

"Rather early to attend a marriage?" I hazarded, being old-fashioned on some matters; "but the suggestion of mourning, now that you mention her recent bereavement, was admirably carried out in the toilet."

Madame smiled and shifted her sunshade.

"By the way, our host was very faithful to his partner," I observed; "he did not marry a second time, though Mrs. Chedderston died when the girl was born, I understand?"

"Yes, her first child," replied Madame.

"The first! Surely you forget Fred, the engineer, who was killed on the Niger?"

"I do not forget him," said Madame quietly; she was looking at one of the girls, whose profile was turned toward us at the moment; it was her eldest daughter, Miss Lucille. I made some complimentary allusions to the young lady.

"She is well enough," remarked Madame, carelessly. "Do you know the other, on the right?"

I shook my head regretfully.

"Indeed! Then I shall introduce you to you are very good. That is Miss Langton, Professor Langton's daughter," she replied. "We liked her exceedingly, for she has been staying at Dijon till quite recently with an invalid aunt. You surely have met the professor?"

"I know him slightly," I answered, remembering how he had wearied me with a most erudite account of "All Souls' Day" the last time I saw him; but my ways are not scholastic."

"No," said Madame, with unnecessary warmth of assent. "He is wrapped up in his work, whatever it is, something about the great auk. It is all to have an object in life."

"I wonder whether he will wake to the fact that he has a beautiful daughter who will want to be settled in life?" said I.

"The fact will probably be brought to her notice," replied Madame, laughing straight at me.

The girl I alluded to had turned slightly, and the three stood facing me. Lucille was French, the other young lady merely fashionable, but the English maid appeared to me the loveliest and ever seen. They came in our di-

## DAIRY AND POULTRY.

### INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

**Skim Milk and Contagion.**  
Farmers and all others should recognize the fact that factory skim-milk, unless pasteurized, can and does cause the spread of tuberculosis and other diseases common to our cows. It needs no new demonstration to prove that tuberculous cows can spread the disease through their milk. There never has been a means more fitted for that purpose than the factory system in which the milk is taken to the factory for skimming and then returned to the patrons to be fed to their young calves.

The trouble is that a single cow is thus enabled to infect the country far and wide. Under the old systems of home skimming the milk was disposed largely at home, and there was little chance of carrying the disease onto other farms. This, indeed, allowed the disease to spread, but at a very slow rate. The milk was not fed to calves on other farms. But now all of the calves within a wide radius get a portion of the diseased product. It is in this way the disease is kept alive, at least among calves. It has been demonstrated by elaborate experiments that nearly all of the calves of tuberculous cows are free from the trouble at birth. The trouble is transmitted to them through the milk of their mothers. In some experiments in Germany hardly more than one per cent of the calves showed any signs of consumption, but after being fed on their mothers' milk for some weeks 43 per cent were found to be affected. The way then to eradicate tuberculosis is to prevent the calves from being given the disease.

It will thus be seen that under proper treatment factory skimmed milk is far superior to the home product, for it can be pasteurized till all germs are destroyed. Then it can be taken home for the use of the calves, and such calves will grow up on a diet free from all objections. The careless use of factory skimmed milk should be abandoned and the careful use substituted. The patrons should make diligent inquiry into the methods of treating the milk after it reaches the creamery. We have seen the farmers bring milk to a factory, pour it into the general tank from which it was skimmed and run into another tank. From this latter tank the milk was all the time running in and all the time being drawn out, that is, during the day, it gives time for the development of deleterious bacteria. Besides, in many cases we fear the tank is not cleaned out every day, but that the milk is allowed to stand from day to day and become a medium for rapid development of the tuberculous germs. We believe it will pay our readers to look carefully into the matter.

**Oleomargarine Decisions.**  
The United States supreme court has rendered decisions declaring unconstitutional the anti-oleomargarine laws of New Hampshire and Pennsylvania. It is understood that the decisions really strengthen the anti-oleomargarine laws of most of the states. In the case of Pennsylvania the law simply prohibited the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine, and the question involved was whether this applied to the prohibited product when coming into the state in original packages. It was decided that it was unconstitutional so far as the original package was concerned. In this the decision seems to follow that applying to liquor. The New Hampshire case was somewhat different. The law there compelled the coloring of the butterine pink. This is declared to be beyond the power of the state. Any addition of matter is an adulteration in the decision of the judges, and a thing the law cannot make obligatory. Even if the states have a right to compel its citizens to color their oleomargarine pink, they cannot compel the citizens of other states to do that before shipping the butterine into New Hampshire.

**PICKING POCKETS WITH TOES.**  
**Wonderful Dexterity Displayed by the Gauchos of the Argentine.**  
From the Boston Transcript: The Gauchos, or dwellers in the extensive plains of Buenos Ayres, are marvellously dexterous with both hands and feet. Many of them have acquired through long practice such skill in using their toes as if they were fingers that they can fling the lasso and even pick pockets with them. Some time ago a Frenchman who was fishing in one of the rivers of Buenos Ayres was warned against the light-fingered natives. He forthwith kept a vigilant watch on his companions, but nevertheless one day when his attention was closely riveted on his float a wily Gaucho drew near and, delicately inserting his foot, extracted the Frenchman's hooks and other valuables from his pocket.

**Those Eight Hens.**  
To The Farmers' Review:—We have now completed the month of May and my hens, eight, have turned out 134 eggs. As they have been laying steadily now for several months, I think this is a good record. In April we got 175 eggs, which we did not expect to beat. I want to suggest here a good way for breaking up hens. Now, as my hens are mostly Plymouth Rocks, one might anticipate a good deal of trouble from sitters. But I have settled that question for all time. I find no trouble in getting a hen out of the notion of sitting in a few days. When one of the hens gets broody I at once put her in a separate coop, which is about four feet square. It is placed on a piece of grass, so the hen can pick at it if she wants to. I make a point to begin with the hen as soon as she gets broody. I believe there is much loss by waiting till the brooding fever gets high. I have tried hens that had been sitting some weeks, and found it extremely difficult to convince them that it is not wise to sit down anywhere with the hopes of hatching

**Taking No Chances.**  
He—Why doesn't that English girl come on deck and be wooed by the breezes, too? She—Her mother won't let her. She heard the captain say this was a trade wind.—Harlem L.L.C.

**Watch Movements.**  
A watch ticks about 167,660,000 times in a year and the wheels travel 3,554 miles per annum.

our something. But the new broody hen wants her first nest or no other. As she cannot get any other she acquires the idea altogether, and about the third night I put her back on the roost. She soon goes to laying. Then, again, I have read that you might as well let the hens all sit out their time, as they will not lay any more eggs than if they did sit. But I am not at all certain that they do not lay more eggs. As the egg yield seemed to keep up right along, while the hens took their turns at trying to sit, I am of the opinion that none of them rested more than a week or ten days before beginning a new production of eggs.

**Uniformity of Eggs.**  
It has been claimed that the Atlantic breeds, especially the Brahmas and Cochins, lay eggs that are dark in color, says Poultry Keeper. If one having a flock of Brahmas will compare the eggs, he will find that they will not be uniform. They will not be darker than eggs from the non-sitting varieties, but the shades will show a difference of color. It is possible that occasionally the eggs from a small flock will be somewhat uniform in shade of color, but not so with large flocks. One or two breeders have for twenty years worked industriously to secure a strain of Plymouth Rocks which would lay brown eggs, yet they have not been completely successful in having the color uniform even when the selections of birds were from sisters, although they have certainly done good work in that direction. If we examine eggs that are white, we will find that even among them there will be a distinct shade, and with the dark eggs some will be very brown, so much so as to show a marked contrast even with the eggs that are recognized as dark, and which are so classified. Then again the sizes of eggs from a large number of hens vary. A large hen may lay eggs that are below the average in size, while a smaller hen may produce eggs that are large. While the careful selection of the best hens of particular breeds may enable the poultryman to secure uniformity, yet one must not expect to perform a revolution in a single season; but there is no doubt by continuing the work the characteristics desired may be fixed in a few years.

**Eggs or Flesh, Which?**  
When a man goes into raising poultry the question arises whether he shall devote his energies to raising flesh or producing eggs. We believe that where there is a ready market for fresh eggs the production of eggs is by all means the most profitable. It is true that broilers bring a good price at certain seasons of the year, but the market is really limited. Besides the production of broilers is not such an easy matter as it figures out on paper. The real difficulty of raising broilers is shown by the prices they bring. As water tends to seek its level, so do all prices. When a product remains very high from year to year, we may be sure that it costs proportionately, to make it. So, too, if broilers bring a good price, the trouble and expense of raising them are great.

With eggs there is a great and growing demand. It is true that they sell for a low price during a good part of the year, but so does the flesh of poultry. Even broilers sell off very suddenly when the street market "breaks." We have known birds to be sent to the South Water street market when the price was \$4 to \$5 per dozen. But by the time the crates were opened the demand had fallen off so that the birds had to be disposed of at a shilling a pound. As none of them weighed above a pound and a half, the returns were very unsatisfactory. A hen will dress up five pounds and sell at 7 cents. That will make 35 cents received for her on South Water street, from which must be deducted the commission and express charges. The same hen will produce perhaps 120 eggs. These eggs would sell for a profit greater than could be made on the hen and you still have the hen. Egg production is the strongest hand the poultryman has, unless he is exceptionally well fixed with incubators, money and lots of experience.

**Breeding Roadsters.**  
Roadster mares should be bred to roadster stallions. Individual selection, however, should go much further than this, remarks the Western Horseman. To breed your trotting mares to trotting stallions, and your pacing mares to pacing stallions is likewise stopping before the point of "scientific breeding" is reached. The secret of "ticks" and "crooks" in speed production is not so much in mating blood lines as in harmonizing temperamental characteristics. For horses, like men, have temperaments. Temperament is often hard to analyze in man, and is much more so in the horse. Yet aside from using good blood lines on both sides, the proper mating of temperament is the most essential point in speed production. "High strung mares"—those of highly nervous temperaments—usually make the greatest speed producers, yet if bred to stallions of like temperaments, race horses are not at all likely to come from such mating. Likes, type or kind produce like in type or kind, but likes in temperamental qualities are strictly antagonistic in animal reproduction, both in human and lower animals.

**Wild Buffalo in Canada.**  
A Canadian traveler who has spent a couple of years in the far Northwest, part of the time along the Peace River, says that there are in that country at least four herds of wild buffalo, numbering altogether not less than 2,900.

Sick bags should not be taken through the public highways, nor should other animals that are sick, unless the diseases be known to be one that will not make it dangerous for other animals to pass over the same road.

### Out-Door Roses.

When planting a rose bush, select a spot as sunny and airy as possible, and be careful that the ground is rich and well drained, says New England Florist. A heavy or clay subsoil is peculiarly adapted to roses, and for enriching it nothing is so good as thoroughly-rotted cow manure. Sandy soil requires more manure. In planting, the roses should be set somewhat deeper than they were in the pots, especially if they are budded or grafted plants, deep enough that the union may be below the surface of the soil. For a small collection of rose bushes a good-sized bed in a circular form, with the four sides scalloped toward the center, would be desirable. This arrangement would enable the cultivator to reach all the points without having to step on the bed. Roses may be planted either in the fall or spring, though I prefer the latter. There is less danger of a severe winter cutting back the shoots or of alternate frosts and thaws, exposing the unestablished roots. May and June are the best months for planting. The beds should be protected from the northwest winds, and have a southern or eastern slope if possible. It is a good plan to have the hybrid roses on the east side of a fence, and the hardier and free-growing climbers to cover the fence itself. Roses that are to be grown for the perfection of their blooms should never be in close proximity to a building or trees. After planting it is well to cover the bed with a light mulching of manure; this will be all the dressing they require the first year. After the roots have become well established, fertilizer may be applied more liberally. Every fall five or six inches of mulch should be placed on the beds—cow manure if obtainable—and in the spring as much of this dug into the ground as possible, and the residue raked up and carried away. The correct pruning of roses can only be learned by experience. As a rule, the strong-growing plants should be pruned but little, while the weak-growing sorts should be pruned severely to induce vigorous growth. The proper time for pruning is late winter or early spring, before the sap commences to move. A summer pruning of many hybrid perpetuals after the June blooming induces the formation of buds for fall blooming. A common mistake with many is leaving the branching spray wood that has already flowered. This will never produce fine roses again. It is well to remove long stems when cutting flowers if now wood is beginning to show at the base of the plant; especially in the case of hybrid perpetuals should these oldest branching stems be cut out if autumn flowers are desired. The older spray will not produce fine roses, while the weak and crowded growth affords a harborage for every rose pest. Where roses grow vigorously and throw large shoots from the bottom it would be well to pinch out the crown bud. This will induce a growth of lateral shoots which will produce good flowers in July and August, and, in fact, give a good supply of roses all summer. This is especially true of Brunners. Roses in perfect health and vigor are less liable to attacks from insects than those that have been neglected and are stunted. The free use of clear water by syringing the plants daily is a preventive against insects.

Oklahoma.—Oklahoma contains now about 40,000 square miles. Governor Barnes officially estimates its population at over 300,000. The great mass of its people are engaged in some form of agriculture. The greater part of the territory is well settled, but there are about 8,000,000 acres of public lands. The soil varies much in appearance and considerably in composition. There are considerable areas where the soil is bright red in color, owing to iron oxides. Many of the "black jack ridges" and some stream bottoms are quite sandy. There are many "alkali spots" in different parts of the territory, but these are usually not large. As a whole, the soil may be described as a fine sand, the particles lying very compactly largely because of the lack of any considerable quantity of decayed vegetable matter. Its appearance leads many to think of it as a clay soil. Most of it has a good degree of fertility; much of it an abundant supply of plant food.

**Thinning Fruit.**—The number of fruits produced per tree may be regulated in two general ways: By pruning away a part of the branches to prevent the formation of too much fruit, or by picking off the superfluous fruits soon after they have formed. With such fruits as grapes, raspberries, blackberries and the like, the former method is employed almost exclusively. An experiment reported from New York Cornell Station indicates that in the case of blackberries and raspberries no means of regulating the number of berries per plant is necessary other than the annual pruning. The fruit of Cuthbert raspberries and Early Cluster blackberries was thinned by removing some of the clusters and clipping off the tips of most of the others.

**The Dairy Heifer.**—The heifer calf intended for use in the dairy must not be fed for fat; in fact, must not be allowed to get fat. The habit of putting the fat on the ribs is fatal to good dairy performance. The farmer can control this very easily if he sets about it in the right way and at the right time. It is entirely safe to feed the steers and the heifer calves of the poorest milkers all the corn they will eat in connection with separator milk. This, however, will prove very detrimental to calves that are intended for dairy purposes.—Ex.

Some men go to war because they can't get married and some because they can't get a divorce.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

### SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Platform and Jettison from the Tide of Fun—Some Good Jokes and Sharp Sayings Original and Selected—Pointed Paragraphs.

**The Super Volunteers.**  
We've been the Roman army and we've been the Paris mob, and we've been boys in blue; We've fought in "Shenanigans" and we've often had the job Of assisting in the "Taming of the Shrew."

We're battle-battered veterans of every blessed age, We can stand before a stage director's "damn!" But we've made our last appearance and we're going to engage For a season on the road with Uncle Sam.

We've rushed across from It to It, pursuing empty air, We've done some noble slaughter in the wings; We've fired a thousand volleys on a foe that wasn't there, And it seems to us we're fit for better things.

We want to feel the fever of a realistic fight, And we want to storm a fort that isn't a sham; We're sick of being soldiers at a half a plank per night, So we're going on the road with Uncle Sam.

And it isn't for the glory and it isn't for the pay, For none of us expect to be a star— But it's just the human longing for the madness of the fray, It's the longing to be really what we are.

So we quit the Roman army, and we've laid the props aside, And the stage door shuts behind us with a slam, And we ain't afraid of dying—for we've very often died, And we'll gladly die again for Uncle Sam.

**A Wonderful Woman.**  
Bilkins—My wife used to be rather foolish, but she's one of the most calm and sensible women in this town now. Why, do you know what she did yesterday?  
Orcutt—No; what?  
Bilkins—Saw a telegraph boy coming across the street toward our house and never fainting or hollering that she knew "something had happened to mamma!"

**The Wrong James.**  
Billy the Sluggish—Here, take this book back. You cheated me, see. Bookseller—Cheated you? The price is plainly marked. I'll show you the catalogue if you think you paid too much for it.  
Billy the Sluggish—I don't care to see no catalogue. It's a story about a lot of Boston guys by Henry James. When I bought it I thought Jesse had wrote it.

**An Endless Affair.**  
Smith—Old Grasp invited me to take lunch with him yesterday.  
Jones—Did, eh? I suppose there was no end to the good things you had to eat.  
Smith—Right you are. There was neither a beginning nor an end to them.  
Jones—Why, what did you have?  
Smith—Pretzels.

**Guessing at It.**  
"And so Ollie Prouditt is engaged to that Miss Newrich? I thought he used to say he would never marry any girl who didn't have a family tree to point to."  
"Yes, he did say so, but the fact that she is a peach may cover the ground, in his estimation."

**From a Masculine Standpoint.**  
Mrs. Peck—This talk about an honest man being the noblest work of God is the rankest kind of nonsense. What's an honest woman, I'd like to know?  
Mr. Peck—She is probably classed among the rarest, my dear.

### Once Not Enough.



**Sympathetic Visitor.**—We must all die once.  
Rick Murphy—Yes; that's just what worries me. If I could die six or seven times, I shouldn't mind peegin' out just once.—Ally Sloper.

**Pointed Paragraphs.**  
An awkward man is always getting on a woman's trail.  
It's a pity that some men can't even hope to have brain fever.

More work would be done for posterity if it wasn't such slow pay.  
A man looks once at a girl's face; a woman looks twice at her dress.  
It's harder for a musician to compose a squalling baby than a popular song.  
It is an indisputable fact that a tall man lives longer than a short one.  
A great many financiers have their loose change tied up in old stockings.  
The value of a golden opportunity depends upon the amount of gold there is in it.  
When a man is in trouble he believes a good many things that he would doubt at any other time.  
It's surprising how ignorant girls can be at times. They all know what a kiss means, but they always insist on having it repeated.—Chicago News.